

THE

Mutual-Friend



"UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by SWETT, CHAMBERLAIN & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

SWETT, CHAMBERLAIN & CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

VOL. I.] BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER, 1869.

[No. 12.]

ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM B. SWETT.

THE PANTHER AND INDIAN ON EAGLE CLIFF.

ALWAYS on the look-out for opportunities to make a sensation and add to the attractions of the locality, both for my own profit and that of the proprietors, I conceived the idea of placing a wooden panther high up on the side of Eagle Cliff, facing the Hotel. After frequent visits to the Cliff, for the purpose of selecting a good place, and of calculating the distance, I went secretly to work on my model. Aware that "distance lends enchantment to the view," I drew the outlines roughly and made it eighteen feet long and large in proportion. It represented the animal in a crouching attitude, ready for a spring. I made it in nine pieces, using pine plank one inch thick for the purpose. Having matched and painted or daubed these pieces to my satisfaction, I made nine secret visits to the selected spot, to which I had previously 'blazed' a path, carrying one piece each time. I secreted the pieces in the bushes and waited for the proper time. When the Hotel was well filled with guests, myself and a boy went up one morning at three o'clock and put the model together, nailing it firmly to trees and bracing it well. The location was the brink of a precipice, and during the erection I had to crawl around on its very edge, where there was so little foot-hold that I had a rope around my waist, the other end of which was lashed to a tree. After the model was up, it looked so rough and uncouth that I began to have misgivings as to the effect from the Hotel and, having given it a few more daubs of paint, I hurried back, anxious to get the first view of it from that place.

It was not yet six o'clock, and no one had yet appeared. Having assured myself that the model was rightly placed, looked quite natural, and could not fail to be noticed, I retired to watch the effect, feeling highly gratified with my success. Some early risers soon appeared on the piazza, stretching themselves, rubbing their eyes, and expanding their lungs with copious inhalations of the keen, pure and bracing mountain air. Having cleared the night-mists from eye and brain, they proceeded to enjoy the prospect. One of them, looking in the direction of the Cliff, suddenly started, rubbed his eyes and looked again, to be sure he was not deceived, and then called the attention of the rest to the model. Instantly all was excitement, the more casual spectators apparently taking it for a reality, and the cry of "a panther! a panther!", which rang through the house, soon brought all who were about to the piazza and front yard, while those yet in their rooms threw up the windows and looked eagerly forth; telescopes and opera-glasses were brought into requisition, and soon settled the nature of the object, after which the guests began to speculate as to the author of this exploit. A gentleman from New York, who had some previous knowledge of me, decided that it must be my doing. He hunted me up and asked me about it. I told him the whole story, whereupon he took me with him and introduced me to the crowd, who listened with interest to his repetition of my story, voted the deed a success and made up a handsome purse, which was presented to me as a token of their appreciation.

The next spring I returned and found the panther still in its place. A visit to the spot proved it to be uninjured by the storms of the past winter, and I determined to put up the figure of an Indian with a gun in the act of shooting the panther. I made the figure and the gun of the same material I had used in constructing the panther: inch pine lumber. The Indian was twenty feet high and his gun was sixteen feet long, the barrel being eight inches wide. When I got the thing ready, I was weak from the effects of a bad cold, and was unable to conduct my operations as secretly as before. I, however, communicated my project to as few persons as possible, and got a gang of ten men to carry the pieces and the necessary implements, while I went with them to guide them to the spot and to superintend operations. The day was hot and the ascent rough, so that I was soon exhausted and had to be helped on the way. Long before we arrived at our destination, I was al-

most dead for want of a drink of water. We had brought none with us; but discovered a place where water was oozing from the face of a rock. It did not come fast enough to give me a drink, and it was thinly spread over so much surface that I could only moisten my parched lips and tongue. Taking a bag which I had with me, I half filled it with the soft moss of the forest and, by pressing the bag against the face of the rock, absorbed all the water that came. When the bag, by its increased weight, appeared to contain a sufficient quantity, I applied my mouth to a corner, compressed the bag with my hands, and obtained a copious and delicious draught. Having satisfied my thirst I again applied the bag to the rock, filled it as full as possible and resumed the ascent. The bag furnished several refreshing draughts of water before we reached the desired place. It was necessary to locate the Indian at a considerable distance from the panther, in order to secure the proper effect, and as we could not see the latter, it required several trips to and fro and some nice calculations; but we finally got it right, as observations from the Hotel afterward proved. Having nailed it to trees and braced it firmly, we returned to the Profile House, where the guests showed their appreciation of the enterprise by a second liberal collection. At latest accounts—during the summer of 1869—the panther and Indian still remained.

WALKER'S FALLS.

These Falls, although well worth seeing and comparatively easy of access with a competent guide, are yet neglected by the great majority of tourists. In fact, judged by the general practice of visitors, to have been to the mountains is one thing, to have been over them—to have "done" them—is quite another.

I have already related how I went in search of the gentleman who got lost in the attempt to find these Falls without a guide, and the incidents connected therewith. The next Spring I went with a gumming party to guide them to the Falls. The distance from the Profile House was about five miles. There was enough snow still on the ground to render it difficult to find the true path, and leaves and dead branches had been strewed around so thickly the previous winter as to increase the perplexity of a first passage to the extent of making the way rather devious. I was several times at fault and most of the party, getting tired out, voted to return, which they did, and got lost, caught in a heavy shower, and were

thoroughly soaked long before they struck the road leading to the Hotel. Two of the party pushed on, taking me with them; we soon found the path and shortly arrived at the Falls, in viewing which we found ample satisfaction for coming. Sated with views of the rushing waters and the surrounding scenery from various points, we finally turned into the woods in search of gum. One of us struck the fresh track of a deer and, entirely forgetting the coming storm which had been gradually darkening the air for some time, we gave chase, hoping to see the animal. We continued the pursuit until the heavy pattering of the rain brought us to our senses. Halting on the top of a slight elevation, we saw that we were completely lost. My two companions now wished that they had returned with the main body of the party, although, as it afterward appeared, had they done so without me, they would have been no better off. After some search, I saw a landmark which had a familiar look, and was sure that by taking a downward direction we should strike the bridle-path. The other two, however, insisted on going in the opposite direction, and I deferred to them so far as to let them try it, although I was morally certain that we should become still more involved in the mazes of the forest. They went up and down for two hours without success and then gave it up. By this time we were thoroughly wet and tired. Turning about and bidding them follow, I sped down the side of the mountain as straight as possible, through mud, mire and bushes, over rocks, stumps and logs, dodging here and there to avoid the trees, and gaining impetus at every step, until we reached the low lands, where I looked about for a running stream, knowing that if I could find one I could easily tell, by the direction in which it ran, which way to go. Finding one, we followed it down and soon came to a familiar path, which led us safely out of the difficulty. Had the two men been left to themselves, it would probably have been a "gone case" with them.

A few weeks after this, I went out again, with the intention of examining the Falls and more thoroughly exploring their neighborhood. I was advised not to go, as the weather threatened to be bad; but, even while admitting the fact, I went. I reached the foot of the Falls and had commenced the ascent, when I discovered a violent thunder-storm approaching. There was a cave situated in the side of the cliff, some eighty rods above my head, which promised shelter if I could reach it in season. I hastened up the

steep ascent, much of the way on my hands and knees, until I had nearly reached it, when my progress was barred by a chasm not visible from below. One side of the chasm was higher than the other and, taking my hatchet from my belt, I felled and roughly trimmed a stout sapling, which I laid across the chasm, and which, half ladder, half bridge, enabled me to cross and gain the coveted shelter. I had imagined it to be a huge cleft in the rock, but it proved to be only about six feet deep and not high enough for me to stand up in, although I could sit comfortably and be perfectly sheltered. The shower burst soon; the rain drove in sheets across the valley below me; it poured down from the mountain above, forming a thick, unbroken curtain before the mouth of the cave, a miniature Niagara, in fact, which tossed and tumbled down the slope into the brook below, now swollen to a river. I enjoyed the scene vastly, but the omnipresent midgets soon found me out and attacked me, seriously interfering with my pleasure and forcing me to make a fire and smoke them out. In the course of an hour, the shower ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Descending from my elevated perch and deferring my intended explorations to a future time, I went home, and was jeered and laughed at for my folly until they discovered that my clothes were dry, when they stopped laughing and desired particulars, which I gave them.

At another time, an old lady insisted on visiting the Falls, and engaged me as guide. In company with several men and two ladies she hired a team and set out. When the party reached the spot where persons wishing to visit the Falls must alight and take the foot-path, all except the old lady had changed their minds and decided to keep on and visit the Basin. She adhered to her original intention and, after ordering the team to wait for her on its return, she jumped out and I followed her, the rest of the party going on. Looking up, previous to entering the woods, I saw that one of the sudden storms peculiar to mountain regions had stolen upon us unawares, was rearing its crest above the tree-tops, and would soon burst upon us. If those who had gone on should see the storm in season, they would return at full speed, but that would not save any of us from a drenching, and I determined to risk being left for the present and shelter my companion. Calling her attention to the storm, she readily comprehended that we could not visit the Falls, and signified her willingness to go wherever I chose. I led her away some distance into the woods, to a broad, overhanging

rock, which I had noticed in a previous ramble, underneath which I fixed seats for her and myself and got snugly settled just as the shower came on. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed, the tall forest trees bowed and writhed under the violence of the wind, and the rain fell in torrents; but we were safe and dry, and could calmly look out and enjoy the really sublime spectacle. The old lady was in high glee at the thought of the miserable plight in which the rest of the party must necessarily be, without protection of any kind. After the rain had passed away, she listened for the team, and when she heard it coming up the road, we proceeded to its side and waited for it to come up. It was a sorry-looking company that we beheld, all wet, draggled and woe-begone, and we laughed heartily, both at their appearance and at their unfeigned astonishment at our dry and comfortable condition. We got in, and dashed away for the Hotel, where our wet companions hurried off in search of dry clothing and fires. The old lady stood up all the way, declining to sit down where everything was soaked, and she chuckled right merrily to think that insisting on going to the Falls had saved her from a wetting.

HOW HE BECAME DEAF.—A Vermont landlord, famous for being deaf just when he wanted to be, when rallied on his infirmity one day, told his amused guests the following story:

When a young man, he worked on a farm for a stingy old farmer, in an adjoining town. On leaving him, a balance of two dollars was due George, (that was the landlord's name,) for wages. He called repeatedly for his money, but the old man always had some excuse for not paying. A sow of the old man's had a litter of pigs, four in number; one of them, as is usually the case, being a small "runt," as they call them. George told the old man he would take a pig for his money;—the old man said he might have the small one. George jumped into the pen and seized the largest pig, whereat the old man shouted:

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal," said George, "I can hold him."

The old man got excited, and yelled: "Take the small one!"

"I'll risk his biting," replied George.

The old man was now desperate, and bellowed: "Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal; I can hold him," answered George.

"Take him along, you deaf cuss," said the enraged farmer, "I can't make you hear anything."

George carried off his pig in triumph,

Miscellany.

THE MOTHER TO HER DEAF AND DUMB CHILD.

Thou art not beautiful, my voiceless child,
Thou canst not fill thy mother's heart with pride;
Thou dost not heed the words that have beguiled
My other noisy young ones to my side.

Thou canst not chatter music in my way,
Nor call me by a sweet and holy name;
Thou dost not ask thy sisters if they'll play;
Nor scold thy brother with a sportive blame.

But thou art precious in my household love;
Thy form is closest watched, my poor dumb boy!
I stroke thy fair hair, and I hang above
Thy quiet features with a solemn joy.

I hear thy father praise the quick replies
Of his bright eldest one—I often see
His face light up when his two girls surprise
The twilight circle with their saucy gleo!

He tells them long and wonder-waking themes
Of Sinbad, Crusoe, and the Fairy Queen;
He leads their games, he joins their laughing screams,
With many a fond and wild embrace between—

But there is something deeper in his smile
When his poor dull one leans upon his knee,
And something gentle fills his heart the while
His fingers make a paper brat for thee.

The other young, gay spirits talk and shout
In tones that come like songs of morning birds,
Or, pressed by childish grief, they wait and pout,
And pour their anguish forth in sobbing words.

I seldom see thy gray eye give a tear
When their red cheeks shine through the pearly gem;
But I believe, my child, that thou canst hear
The secret, deep, soul-whisper lost to them.

When they surround me with engrossing clutch,
And some loud tale of anger or alarm,
I turn not as I do to thy soft touch,
That falls like ring-dove's wing upon my arm.

My silent boy ! I hold thee to my breast,
Just as I did when thou wast newly born ;
It may be sinful, but I love thee best,
And kiss thy lips the longest, night and morn.

I never listen to the coming feet
That chance to slip and stumble in the hall,
But my heart leaps with quick and sudden beat
Lest thou, my speechless, be the one to fall.

I never look into a story book,
And hear the joyous hum thy brothers make,
But leaf by leaf I turn with hopeful look,
And wish it held some pictures, for thy sake.

I never stand among them to divide
The birth-day apples, or select the toy,
But I assign the fruit with rosiest side,
And daintiest plaything to my wordless boy.

Oh ! thou art dear to me beyond all others !
And when I breathe my trust and bend my knee
For blessings on thy sisters and thy brothers,
God seems the nighest when I pray for thee.

I would not they should know it ; but if Fate
Did its worst work, and snatched away my young,
I feel my soul would bear a deadlier weight
To miss thy silent love than their fond tongue.

Oh ! thou art very beautiful to me,
My own dumb boy, my gentle, voiceless one !
And while it throbs, thy mother's heart will be
Thy first and best interpreter, my son !

Mute Chronicle.

"NO PLACE."—A great many boys complain that there are no places. Perhaps it is hard to get just such as they like. When you get a place—and there are places—this big country, I am sure, has need of every good boy, and girl, and man and woman in it—when you get a place, I say, make yourself useful in it: make yourself so necessary, by your fidelity and good behavior, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low place at first, no matter what work if it be honest work. Do it well ; do it the very best you can. Begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and climb up. The great want, anywhere, is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these, and there will always be a place for you, and a good one, too.

AN EXCURSION TO THE GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

AUTUMN, in Washington, is the pleasantest season of the year. For days together, the sun shines brightly, but not too warm; the air is fresh and invigorating, and contains some mysterious element which thrills through every fibre of a man's body, and even acts powerfully upon his intellectual and moral nature. If he has work to do, he does it with double energy and accomplishes double results; if he seeks recreation, he enters into it with his whole heart and enjoys it to the utmost. Listless though he may be at other times in play, and negligent in the performance of duty, there is now a magic in the air which changes the current of his being; whatever his hand now finds to do, he does it with all his might.

The Friday after Thanksgiving Day, this year, was one of these perfect Autumn days; and at ten o'clock in the morning a party of five young men, taking advantage of the pleasant weather and the Thanksgiving holidays, started from the National Deaf-Mute College to walk to the Great Falls of the Potomac, seventeen and a half miles distant. The party consisted of the President, a Professor, a Tutor, a Sophomore and a Preparatory Student. With the President and the Professor, this pilgrimage was in fulfillment of a vow, or rather, a resolution, which they made, last Summer, when crossing the Gemmi Pass in Switzerland, that if they lived to return home they would visit, on foot, some of the places worth seeing in their own country and neighborhood. A few weeks before this, in company with some of the students, they made a preliminary excursion, which they enjoyed very much, to the Little Falls of the Potomac, five miles up the river; now they were going a greater distance to the more famous Great Falls.

We carried, in small travelling bags slung knapsack-wise across our shoulders, materials for a luncheon-dinner, the exact nature of which were to us unknown; but having had previous experience in the kind provision made by our good matrons for such occasions, we felt very sure that when we came to examine them we should find just what we wanted. The President and Professor also carried light overcoats upon their arms, to the amusement of the rest of the party, who looked upon overcoats as quite superfluous on such a mild day, and volunteered various suggestions with regard to the disposal of them: to leave them at Willard's, to hire a darkey to carry them, to give them away, to put them under the fence, etc.; but the Professors smiled superior with the air of men who had travelled, and trudged on with their coats.

After leaving Georgetown, our route was by the aqueduct road, built by the United States Government, for the most part upon the great aqueduct which brings to Washington its supply of water from the Potomac above the

Falls. A portion of the way the road lies along the river and the important canal which, following the course of the Potomac, connects the Ohio river with Chesapeake bay ; but as the aqueduct is very direct and the river winds somewhat, the latter was not in sight all the time. The Potomac is a beautiful river, with high banks on each side, covered with a great variety of foliage. At this time, the banks were less attractive than a few weeks ago, when they were clothed in all their glory of crimson and gold. The greater part of the leaves were still upon the trees, but they had changed their brilliant liveries for a sober brown uniform ; the evergreens which, upon our last visit, seemed dark and gloomy among the gorgeous hues of the other trees, now looked bright and fresh in contrast with the faded colors which surrounded them. Few facts of nature are without a parallel in human experience, and this change in the circumstances of the evergreens and their companions is a good illustration of the ups and downs which occur in the lives of men ; but we leave our readers to draw for themselves what moral they please, and proceed with our narrative.

We arrived, about one o'clock, at the Cabin John Bridge. This bridge, built, like the High Bridge at Harlem, New York, to contain the aqueduct, also serves as a carriage road. It spans the broad ravine of the Cabin John creek by a single arch, said to be the largest in the world. Its height is one hundred feet, and its span two hundred and twenty. It is built of great blocks of granite, and impresses the beholder alike by its magnitude and by its grace and beauty. Looked at from the side, it seems vast and grand ; from beneath, light and slender. The echo under the bridge is quite remarkable. Sentences of several words were repeated with perfect distinctness. On one side of the bridge is an inscription, stating that it was begun under Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, and ————, Secretary of War, and completed under Abraham Lincoln, President, and E. M. Stanton, Sec. of War. Jefferson Davis was the Sec. of War whose name is dropped from the record.

Having inspected the bridge to our satisfaction, and voted it a success, we began to think about dinner. We wandered into a grove by the road-side and chose a convenient place. As we seated ourselves upon the grass, the President and the Professor put on their overcoats ; and when, shortly afterward, one of the others gave a little shiver, they complacently buttoned them up, but nothing was said on either side. Then from our well stored knapsacks we drew forth sandwiches and biscuits, and cheese, and cake, and turkey, and jelly, and apples ; and the President contributed, in addition to some other good things, a large piece of minced-pie, for which we cast lots. The pie fell to the Professor, who divided it into five equal portions and shared it with his friends. Everything tasted delicious, and there was an abundance of everything, and more than an abundance of cake.—O, Ladies, why will you always give us so much cake when we go on picnics ? We can't eat it all, our consciences will not let us throw it away ; and we don't want to carry

it home. Please remember that, even at a picnic, we are but human, and our capacity for cake is limited.

During the repast, the tinkling of a cow-bell in the neighborhood suggested to our enterprising President the idea that a little new milk would be an agreeable addition to the feast, and the Preparatory Student, who, as the latest from the country, was supposed to be the most skilful in such operations, was incited to procure a supply. This was accomplished so successfully that each of us had a good glass of milk. The cow was rewarded with some apples, and her owner, whose residence we afterward discovered upon the highway, was made happy by the receipt of twenty cents from the President in payment for the milk; but the Sophomore, who is not sufficiently advanced in the College course to have learned the great principles of Moral Philosophy, questioned the morality of the whole transaction, maintaining that the consent of the owner ought to have been obtained before the cow was milked. Of course, the others enlightened him as well as they could, and it was noticed that he drank the milk without manifesting any serious qualms of conscience.

Pursuing our way along the forest road, and getting here and there, through openings in the trees, some enchanting vistas of the beautiful river and the opposite bank, we came, half an hour before sunset, to the house where we hoped to find accommodations for the night. We had spoken of this on the way and agreed not to place our expectations very high, so we were agreeably disappointed when we found a large frame house with green blinds. Having arranged with the owner for our entertainment, we hurried off through the woods with a negro boy as our guide, to get a glimpse of the Falls before it grew dark.

Much as we had heard of the wonders of the place, they far surpassed anything we had imagined. There is not one great cataract, as at Niagara, but the broad river has forced its way through walls of stone in a succession of falls, the highest of which is forty feet. All about, there are evidences of the action of mighty forces of nature in past ages. Along the banks upon each side and in the bed of the river are strewn great masses of rock, around and over which the water boils and bubbles, froths and foams in furious turmoil. These immense rocks extend a considerable distance on either side of the river; so that, except the dark woods which limit the range of vision in every direction, the eye sees nothing but vast rocks piled high upon one another, and the seething waters which rush turbulently through the midst of them. The effect of the whole is exceedingly wild and savage.

As we were gazing upon the scene with admiration and awe, our guide turned our attention from the wonderful works of nature to those of man by expressing his astonishment at the boldness and agility with which the Tutor was making his way over the rocks, climbing their steep sides, gliding down precipices, leaping chasms, and conducting himself in general in the manner attributed to wild mountain goats. "Golly," he said, "that 'ere feller gits

over the rocks right smart lively. I couldn't git round so spry nohow."

Returning to the house, we found that its interior hardly corresponded with its attractive exterior. We were ushered into a room on the ground floor, with a cheerful open fireplace, but no other furniture than a rickety old bench and a broken chair. In one corner was a ragged pair of trowsers, in another a dirty shoe, and on the mantel a great boot. Presently, we were summoned to supper, which was served in the kitchen, and consisted of fried pork warm and fried pork cold, apple-sauce prepared in a peculiar way and called apple-butter, warm biscuits, tea and coffee. The coffee was very good. At this time we were not favored, as we were the next morning at breakfast, with the company of a pig running about the room, searching, as the Tutor suggested, for the remains of his mother, which were rapidly going where he wouldn't be likely to find them immediately. After supper, an upper chamber, more inviting than the rooms below, was given us, and we passed the evening in roasting chestnuts and telling stories. Of the stories, it may be said, without drawing invidious distinctions, that the President's were the most numerous and the best. When bed-time came, the attendant showed us two beds and suggested that they would suffice for the whole party. The Professor, objecting to this arrangement, was provided with a bed in another room. But the resources of the establishment had been exhausted in the equipment of the other beds; it was with great difficulty that sheets could be procured for his. When they finally made their appearance, they were found to be very dirty, though clean in comparison with the pillow-cases. Being asked whether he intended to undress, the Professor returned a decided negative, and said the only question in his mind was whether he had better take off his boots, or not. This, however, he did, and spreading a towel over the pillow, and tying a pocket-handkerchief about his head and face in such a way as to leave an opening just large enough for breathing, he slept as soundly as the noise of passing boatmen, blowing their horns to arouse the lock-keepers, would allow. It rained hard during the night, but the next day was bright and clear, and we were all at the Falls in time to see the sun rise. As the rays of the sun first glimmered through the trees, and then struck the water, lighting it up and making rainbows with the spray, we were more impressed than we had been before with the beauty of the place. In the sombre twilight of the evening and the dull gray of the morning, its desolation was the predominant feature; the sunlight and the changing hues of the water introduced an element of warmth and cheerfulness.

After breakfasting with the pig, as already described, we set out to return, and reached home in precisely five hours from the time we started. Considering that the roads were heavy from the rain during the night, and that we stopped half an hour by the way, this was regarded as making very good time. It was noticed, by careful observers, that the President and the Professor, who, unlike the other members of the party, had not the advantage of the "training" which comes from frequent base-ball playing, walked rath-

er tenderly and deliberately for a day or two afterward, as if there were little blisters upon the soles of their feet, or the muscles of their legs were slightly swollen; but they join heartily with the rest in saying that they enjoyed the excursion exceedingly, and will be ready for another when the right time comes.

DEAF AND BLIND EDITORS IN CONVERSATION.

[The following article is taken from the *Iowa Temperance Standard*, the organ of the Good Templars of that State. The writer, Joseph M. Dixon, is one of its editors, having previously, and before he became blind, been one of the editors of the *Iowa State Register* the State paper, at Des Moines. A disease in the eyes, commencing over two years ago, deprived him of sight; but being a man of recognized talent the Good Templars elected him one of the editors of their paper. One of his duties is to travel and lecture. On one of these occasions, he spent three days in Anamosa, the guest of Edmund Booth, a graduate of the American Asylum in 1832, afterwards a teacher in the same Institution for seven years, and, since 1856, editor of the paper to which reference is made as below. An error occurs in the article. Mr. Booth was married in Anamosa, his own house at that time constituting the whole town. Ed.]

ONE of the most agreeable visits which it has been my good fortune to make during the present year, included a sojourn of three days at Anamosa, the shire town of Jones County. There we found a thrifty and prosperous little city of two thousand inhabitants, to which all the adornments and advantages accruing from an incorporated condition were attached. From the number of churches which we found there, and from the numerous facilities which exist to bring the benefit of popular education within the reach of the young, I naturally inferred that religion and schools had a high seat in the affections of that community.

* * * * *

What gave an exquisite interest to that visit was the fact that I was permitted to enjoy the society and hospitality of Mr. Booth, editor of the *Eureka*, who, in company with his son, an enterprising and talented young man, is conducting that paper in a most acceptable manner. I had been acquainted, almost intimately, with the Senior Mr. Booth for years, but had never met him until the period of this visit. This may be considered a singular statement, but it is very easily explained. During the time of my editorial connection with the *State Register*, extending through a dozen years, our large list of exchanges brought me in direct communication with nearly all the editors of the State, and as a consequence I was made acquainted with them without the privilege of meeting them face to face. I take it that an author's disposition, which is meant here to include his moral and mental character, as well as any peculiarities or eccentricities of thought and temperament attaching to him, is usually very clearly revealed in his writings.

And this revelation is carried so far, and so plain in its manifestations, that on reading a newspaper I am either drawn to its editor by a common bond of sympathy and affinity, or I am repelled by distrust and prejudice just as those sentiments would have taken form and being if I had sat down by the side of the editor and conversed for a day.

From the first, the *Eureka*, under its present management, which was inaugurated thirteen years ago, excited my interest and admiration. It was honest and independent, hating all manner of sycophancy, and shaping itself according to its own model and its own conscience, without reference to the authoritative sayings or assertions of the great doctors and prelates of the party. Aside from this excellence, there was much genial humor and a dash of liveliness in the paper which charmed me. Above all, however, the *Eureka* gave abundant proof that its Editor was a man of inflexible principle, in full sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age, ready and willing to make any possible sacrifice in the interest of any cause which he supposed to be right. The paper has therefore been a pioneer from the start, taking ground always on the side of justice and humanity.

Mr. Booth has been a subject of misfortune all his life. He has been totally deaf for more than half a century, and the sight of one of his eyes has been entirely obscured during the same length of time. Singular as it may appear, he talks surprisingly well, articulating his words with much distinctness, yet the loudest cannon and the deepest thunder are unnoticed by him, except as they are felt through the nerves by concussion of the air. In early life, he attended an Institution for the deaf and dumb in New England, and acquired a thorough education, subsequently becoming a popular teacher in the same school.

His health failing in his chosen profession as a teacher, he came to the West, bringing with him his wife, who, as a deaf-mute, was educated at the same Institution with himself. She is an intelligent and exemplary lady, devoted to her husband and children. While absent in California, Mr. Booth sent drafts to his wife at Anamosa. She judiciously invested the money in town lots, from the proceeds of which a fine brick residence has just been erected and wherein the family is now installed.

Mr. Booth has a fine poetical temperament, and has written several articles of surprising merit. In his own quaint way, he affirms that a man must have the blues in order to write poetry successfully, and while the deaf editor was talking to the blind one—which was a rare sight by the way—several of his productions were introduced and read.

THANKSGIVING was celebrated at Hartford in the usual good old-fashion: A sermon, a plenteous dinner, and an evening in the ladies' apartments.

Hartford graduates will understand this, as they all have pleasant memories of such occasions.

Religious Department.

A SHORT SERMON.

"We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O, God, in the midst of thy temple."
Psalm xlvii: 9.

These words suggest three points which I ask you to consider :—

I. The *habit* of religious thought.

There are many persons who confess God with their lips, before men, but yet never really think of Him. Such persons are practical atheists, but would be horror-stricken were they called so, and would keenly resent the accusation of not believing in God.

I speak, now, of *right* thoughts of God, *habitual* thoughts of God, thoughts that control our words and our actions, for these are what we need. It is one thing to think of God in some momentary throb of emotion or under a sudden sense of danger, and quite another to think of Him continually and habitually, with our whole mind, and to realize Him as the Creator and Upholder of our lives. This habit is needed in order that our religious thoughts may have a meaning and a support; and that they may not be fitful gushes of feeling, but steady beatings of the heart.

II. The *object* of religious thought.

God is the centre and source of all religious life and, therefore, the principal object of religious thought is God Himself. The moment that we dismiss God from the Universe in our thoughts, there is no religion there.

The Divine nature is infinitely beyond our comprehension—we cannot understand it. But, while this is true, it is also true that that in which God comes nearest to us and is most readily apprehended by us; that which moves, attracts, and transforms us; that which may be regarded as the special element of religious life, is His *loving-kindness*.

III. The *place* of religious thought.

The church is peculiarly fitted for the excitement and exercise of religious thought; but it is not the only place fitted for religious thought. God is worshipped on the hills that stand like solemn altars, from which the morning mists are wafted like incense to the skies; the stars are the lamps of His Sanctuary, and the sea pours forth its organ tone, while its waves, as they reach the sand, bow their white crests and acknowledge their Maker; the wind chants the song of His power and His love. All the vast temple of Nature, formed by earth, sea, and sky, continually resounds with God's praises, and both animate and inanimate things praise Him, save and except Man, who too often and too generally ignores or contemns his Maker!

We are everywhere reminded of the presence of God, but it is in His house of worship that the fact is brought more closely to our minds, and it is there that we most realize it.

Let it be our aim to acquire the habit of religious thought. It will save us from many evil influences; sanctify our lives and hearts; and fit us in this life for that which is to come.

J.

THE BIBLE.

It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time and place and mental culture, but, throughout the whole, nature is exalted as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to to arouse the emotions, to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where reference to nature can be made.

One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which Nature is ever made to proclaim the character and perfections of God. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in Nature and its forces, as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind.

No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed than when our Saviour said of the lilies of the field, "I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these," and then added, "If God so clothe the grass of the field" ascribing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power.—*Prof. Chadbourne.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.—A little boy some four years of age, whom we will call Charlie, while playing one day near an open hatchway, accidentally fell in, and but for a basket of shavings which fortunately stood beneath, would probably have been killed. The family were quite impressed by his providential escape, and frequent allusions were made to it during the day. That night, after Charlie had been put to bed and left to himself, his little voice was heard in prayer. In tones full of faith and love, the little fellow poured out his heartfelt petition: "Oh, God! please keep that cellar door shut; but if you can't do that, won't you always keep a basket of shavings there?"

LIFE is a vast railway train, in which we are compulsory passengers. On the outside is written: "No stoppage on the way." We get in at the cradle, and are put down at the grave. We have only just time enough to change clothes in the transit.

THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Editor.

DECEMBER, 1869.

We have held the present number of the FRIEND back beyond the usual time in order that we might be able to say whether we would continue it another year, about which we were uncertain at the time of issuing the last number.

We were determined to ascertain whether we would be supported, should we decide to continue the publication of the FRIEND, as we had had abundant evidence to show that but a comparatively few of the mutes had subscribed for it. But we reflected upon the two prominent facts: first, that the FRIEND is not known among half, or even quarter of the deaf-mutes at large; and, secondly, that where it is known among them it has been subscribed for by every mute who is able to read. In view of those facts, we have resolved to continue its publication, being fully assured that the more it becomes known, the better it will be appreciated and supported.

It will be seen, from our "Correspondence," that the Principal and teachers of the New York Institution, on hearing how we were situated, appreciating the value of the FRIEND, and desiring that it should be continued for the future good of the deaf and dumb, contributed over one hundred dollars to aid us in the work, and we would add that, in addition thereto, this Institution, which furnished us with a much larger number of subscribers than any other for 1869, promises to give us still more for 1870. The Principal of the Institution, Prof. I. L. Peet, always zealous in any good work which relates to the welfare of the deaf and dumb, is a man of discernment and never blindly gives encouragement; wherefore, we hope that his cordial and substantial endorsement of our magazine will be accepted and followed up by other Institutions and by the deaf-mutes and their friends at large.

We have also received renewals of the lists of subscribers in several other Institutions, most of them with additional names, and we have, as yet, received no notice to discontinue, or refusal to subscribe for 1870, from our mute supporters of 1869. We

have received an encouraging number of subscriptions from the mutes at large, and we know, from letters we have received, that many are only waiting for this number to arrive and to see that it contains the assurance of continuance for another year, to send us their subscriptions. Our agents, of whom a list will be found on our fourth page of cover, have reported themselves as doing much better than last year, and we are correspondingly encouraged.

After this number is issued, we shall issue the numbers for 1870 as fast as possible, and shall doubtless be able to bring them up to punctuality in course of time. We shall use all righteous means to attain this very desirable and important end, and we ask the assistance of all our friends and their forbearance until our efforts are crowned with success, as they surely will be if they will lend us a helping hand.

We would, even at this late day, wish all our subscribers and friends "A HAPPY NEW YEAR," and we pledge ourselves to do all we can, through the columns of the FRIEND, to make it (what there is left of it,) happy for them.

Mr. SWETT, on his way to New York to lecture and canvas for subscribers to the FRIEND, stopped at Hartford and gave the pupils and other inmates of the Asylum an account of the White Mountains and his adventures among them. It was quite a treat to the pupils. Mr. Swett received a renewal of the old subscribers there, and added several new ones. Of the success and encouragement with which he met in New York, we have elsewhere spoken, and "J. R. B.," our correspondent, tells his own story farther on.

We have, in this number, closed up the items and correspondence for the year, so far as they have come to our knowledge or hands. We desire to return thanks to all our contributors and correspondents, both regular and occasional, for favors in the past, and request a continuance in the future. We also extend a general invitation to all our readers to send us whatever may be of interest, either original or selected.

We understand that the City of Boston has now, in Pemberton Square, a school of some thirty deaf-mutes, in process of instruction. We know of no particulars in regard to the system adopted in instruction, although we presume that it is the same as at Northampton, where Articulation is mainly, if not entirely, relied on. We shall take an early opportunity to visit and examine the school, and will then give our readers the results.

SUBSCRIBERS in Canada and the British Provinces must send us *twenty cents extra*, as we have to *pre-pay the postage* on their magazines.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Harvey P. Peet, LL. D., late Principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. New York: Egbert, Bourne & Co. 1869. 12 mo. pp. 423.

The high estimation of Dr. Peet as an educator, and as the author of the best published series of elementary books for the use of deaf-mute pupils will secure to this little volume a more attentive examination than is usually accorded to a new addition to the crowd of histories of the United States offered in competition for the public favor; and that examination we are sure will convince every reader that the present work, embodying the fruit of more faithful labor, greater ability, and larger experience in educating the young than perhaps were devoted to such a task before, is in some very important respects the best School History of the United States that has yet appeared. In the first place, great care has been taken to secure accuracy of statements by the collation of the best authorities, a point in which most school histories are very faulty, as all who have examined them must have remarked; in the second place, the selection of incidents has been skilfully made, so as to give a lively picture of the appearance of the country, and the changes, industrial and social, as well as political, of different epochs; while the causes of wars and political changes are set forth briefly, but with admirable perspicuity; and last, not least, the style has exactly hit the mark of simplicity always aimed at in books intended for the young and other unlearned folk, but very seldom attained. Writers of children's books usually labor under the delusion that the essence of simplicity lies in nursery phrases, and round-about expressions. Dr. Peet, instructed by his experience in teaching the deaf and dumb, for whom simplicity of language is peculiarly important, gives us the true simplicity of plain Saxon words, short sentences, and clear, direct statements. It thus secures simplicity without offending correct taste; and is as well adapted to the family as to the school.

Beginning with the Discovery by Columbus and Cabot, giving in the second chapter the romantic wanderings of De Soto and the settlement of Florida, the third chapter is devoted to a graphic sketch of our aborigines, and the remaining fifty chapters follow the progress of settlement, colonial history, with its French and Indian wars, and national history down to the death of Lincoln, and final suppression of the great rebellion. The results of the gigantic civil war are thus, with equal conciseness and impressiveness, summed up in the concluding Section, (Section 756):

"During this dreadful war of four years, the North had spent five thousand millions of dollars, and lost three hundred thousand of its bravest men. The South had spent at least as much, including the property destroyed by the contending armies, and had lost as many lives. Both sections, but especially the South, were full of the widows and orphans, the cripples and invalids made by the war. At the South, whole cities and large tracts of country had been laid waste, and multitudes reduced from wealth to poverty. Such was the cost at which we got rid of the national sin and curse of slavery. Let us hope that God will never find it necessary to punish our coun-

try with such another war. Slavery was long the one great blot on our name, and hindrance to our prosperity. Now that this blot and curse have been removed, we may hope for a progress in all the elements of national greatness, numbers, power, wealth and intelligence, such as the world has never seen before."

We are tempted to make one more extract, illustrating the style of the book. (Section 18.) It describes the scene at the first landing of Columbus on the island he called San Salvador :

"The natives, naked, copper-colored and beardless, came around them, and gazed with astonishment on the clothed, white and bearded Spaniards. They had a few small lumps of gold, which they wore for ornament, and valued no more than bright-colored feathers and shells. The Spaniards were greedy for gold, and the simple natives readily exchanged their gold for glass beads and other toys. Columbus sailed further, and discovered several other islands. On some of them he found much gold."

The typography of the book is remarkably fair, correct, and pleasant to the eye. We are happy to see it has none of the poor wood-cuts by which most School Histories are disfigured, not illustrated. A good map might be desirable, but every one who will read this book has a Geography and Atlas which he or she can consult, with more profit, probably, than if they were saved a little labor by having maps in the History itself. The additional labor of finding the places on the maps in the Geography will impress their situations more firmly in the memory.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN lectured before the "Association," Dec. 4th, on "Luther and the Reformation," a very interesting subject, and one that secured the attention of those present.

Mr. Wm. B. Swett has also continued his lectures on the White Mountains, the substance of which we shall continue to give in the FRIEND as before.

REV. W. W. TURNER preached for the "Association" on Sunday, Dec. 19, from the text: "What must I do to be saved?," and delivered a plain, sound, and practical sermon on the "Way of Salvation." Prof. Bartlett and the "Union" were present, and the Professor took part in the services.

WE shall send this number to all our subscribers, both old and new, and also to many who have not yet subscribed, some of whom, as we have reason to believe, have never seen the FRIEND. All who receive it, who are not subscribers, please consider it as a request to subscribe, and do what they can to get others to do the same.

WE have received quite a number of Annual Reports from various Institutions, which we shall notice as fully as possible in our next, believing as we do, that the particulars are interesting, as keeping the graduates informed of the improvements effected and progress made in their respective schools.

THOSE of our readers, not otherwise acquainted with him, who were at Ithaca, N. Y., last August, will remember the genial, whole-souled ex-president of the "Empire State Association," Mr. John Witschief, whose presence did much to enliven the meetings and the social assemblies during the Convention. He was married, shortly after that gathering, to Miss Justina Arnold, a young deaf-mute lady of New York City, to which place he also belongs. We received a notice of their marriage and bridal tour, but mislaid it, whence our silence. The happy pair, after their wedding, which was splendidly celebrated and numerous attended, visited, among others, H. C. Rider, Esq., at Mexico, N. Y., and that gentleman gave us a pleasant account of the event. They are now settled in New York, Mr. Witschief being a clerk in the Custom House.

Their home is the scene of frequent social re-unions, at which the genial hospitality of both is conspicuous. They have, apparently, everything necessary to happiness, and our best wishes go with them in their new relation.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Patrick Sullivan, a graduate of the Hartford Institution, while walking on the track of the Eastern Railroad, near Lynn Station, early on Tuesday morning, Dec. 28th, was run over by a train. The fog prevented the engineer from seeing him until it was too late. He was taken into a store and cared for. One leg was found to be severely crushed, and his forehead was badly gashed. He was afterward carried to his boarding place, from whence he was sent to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he was doing well at last accounts.

RUNAWAY AND SMASH-UP.—Mr. Addison Pancake, photographer, of Bloomington, Illinois, while going to the Railroad Station in that place, in company with his father, Nov. 16th, driving a span of horses attached to a light spring wagon, hoisted an umbrella for protection against the rain then falling. This frightened the horses, who ran away, spilling both gentlemen into the road. Mr. Pancake struck on his head, and his father fell upon his back; both were liberally covered with mud, but not otherwise injured. The wagon and harness were badly broken and one of the horses severely cut.

ANY one who knows the present residence, if living, or the particulars of death, should he have deceased, of EPHRAIM JEWELL, formerly of North Java, Jefferson Co., N. Y., will confer a favor by sending the same to the Editor of the FRIEND.

THE Measles and Scarlet Fever lately prostrated most of the pupils of the Ohio Institution, with fatal results in two or three cases; but they have now passed away and the usual good health again prevails.

PLEASE take notice that the address of Mr WM. B. SWETT will hereafter be the same as that of the FRIEND, he having removed from Prescott Place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As a general rule, we shall answer the letters we receive, other than strictly business ones, in this department. If an answer by mail is desired to a letter which asks for information outside of business matters, it can be had by enclosing a stamp to pay return postage.]

Three cents is a small sum to pay for one, but if we were to mail answers to all the letters we receive, it would cost us many dollars. We shall always be happy to give any information in our power, subject only to the above condition.

All persons, either subscribers or correspondents, will please write name, town, county and state plainly and fully; this will prevent mistakes and save much trouble. In case of removal, let us know immediately, giving both present and former place of residence.

Write whatever you know, feel or think, which you consider of interest; we will make all necessary corrections in the articles we use, and thank you for them.

Correspondents can generally tell whether their articles are received and what we intend to do with them by looking below. We especially desire that all our regular correspondents should send in their favors during the first week of each month, to enable us to go to press early.

Those who receive the FRIEND with a red X marked on it, will please understand that their subscriptions have expired. In all such cases we respectfully ask for a continuance of encouragement and support by a renewal of the same.

All letters, exchanges, circulars, &c., must be addressed to THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND, P. O. Box 314, Station A, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.]

B. W. B.—We should be glad to see one of your sketches if you could find time to write it. G. H. and J. O. D., both of whom we have seen lately, return their kind regards and remembrances. We are afraid that it will take more than one year to complete the Testimonial. You missed a good thing by not being at Ithaca.

RED STICK.—Your communication is filed for the January No. Shall be happy to hear from you again.

PACIFIC.—Thank you. We shall use your notes. Let us have more; they and such as they are always acceptable.

P. M. P.—Your favor received and filed. We should like more news of your quarter, respecting which we have heretofore heard but little.

SUCCESS in life is very apt to make us forget the time when we wasn't much. It is just so with a frog on the jump; he can't remember when he was a tad-pole, but other folks can.

A TRUE man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

PERSONAL.

Sometime last summer, the deaf-mutes of the city of New York saw appear among them a French deaf-mute by the name of Louis Dandel. From New York he passed to New Orleans, and from there to San Francisco. He was recently heard from as having engaged to work his passage from the latter port to Hong Kong, China, hoping to find means there to get back to France. True it is that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." This Dandel complains that he has no shoes! The romance of a voyage around the world is rather taken down by having to work one's passage and beg means to get shoes.

We see it currently reported in the papers that President Elliot, of Harvard College, is the youngest college president in the country. He must yield the palm to President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, as that gentleman is several years his junior.

We observe by the Baton Rouge papers that Mr. J. A. McWhorter, lately a teacher in the Wisconsin Institution, has entered upon his duties as Superintendent of the Louisiana Institution.

MR. WM. K. CHASE, of Charlestown, Mass., recently went to Florida, with a view to settlement there. He returned just in time to attend the New Year's Festival in Boston. We understand that he has secured a tract of land and will remove thither with his family as soon as he can make the necessary arrangements. He speaks favorably of the climate, the inhabitants, and the prospects. When he gets settled, we shall expect to hear from him occasionally.

CHARLES O. HARA, a graduate of the New York Institution, is at Galveston, Texas, where he has been teaching a little deaf and dumb daughter of Gen. Gillem, of the U. S. Army.

S. CORTEZ MORGAN, reported, in the *Gazette*, as killed by a robber near Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1868, writes from New Orleans, La., that he "still lives," and is now on his way to Texas, bound thence to Minnesota.

REV. COLLINS STONE, of Hartford, Conn., delivered a lecture before the "Union," Dec. 10th, on "The Conquest of Mexico," and preached for it on the ensuing Sabbath, in place of Prof. Bartlett.

The "Union" has also had lectures from Prof. Bartlett and others.

We give, in this number, another letter from CLYMER, and we think our readers will join with us in welcoming him back. He has promised to write as often as possible hereafter,

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

DEAR FRIEND :—It has not been for want of incident that I have been silent thus long, and I now find myself quite pressed by a host of things claiming mention and indignant that I should let them lie so long unnoticed. I shall refer to a few very briefly in this epistle and try to attend to you more regularly in the future.

First of all it is my sad duty to mention the death of the Hon. Amos Kendall, ex-Postmaster General, and from its foundation the firm friend of the Institution in this city. He passed away serenely, after a lingering illness, at the age of eighty-one years. He was universally beloved and respected for his large-hearted charity and many genial qualities, and he will ever be most gratefully remembered by all connected with the Washington Institute. He has done much for the deaf and dumb of which they know little. Let some one of the many who knew and loved him write a sketch of his life for the *Friend*. Nothing, I am sure, could be more interesting and instructive to the mutes at large; and it is but just that his benevolence should be more widely known. The following resolutions were adopted by the Institution as a token of respect to his memory:

WHEREAS our Heavenly Father has in His infinite wisdom and love summoned from earth Hon. Amos Kendall, the first President of the Institution, and uninterruptedly a member of its Board of Directors.

Resolved, That while we acknowledge the goodness of that Providence which has gathered into the garner of the Lord "a shock of corn fully ripe," we do most deeply lament the sundering of those intimate and interesting relations which have subsisted between Mr. Kendall and ourselves, and shall never cease to mourn the absence of the one to whose efforts, influence and liberality our Institution owes its establishment, and to whose enlightened judgment and safe counsels its present prosperity is in large measure due.

Resolved, That we shall cherish with respectful love and endeavor to transmit to our successors here our knowledge of Mr. Kendall's devotion to the interests of this Institution, his many acts of benevolence in the community, the purity of his life and the triumph of his Christian death.

Resolved, That the erection upon the premises of this Institution of some enduring testimonial of respect to the deceased would be but a just tribute to the value of his services to the Institution, and we will gladly participate to the extent of our ability in any effort that may be made to this end.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our honored ex-President our most heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, begging them to allow us to join them in mourning a father taken away.

Resolved, That the President be requested to communicate these resolutions to the family of the deceased and to the Board of Directors of the Institution.

Professor Lewellyn Pratt has left the College, and accepted the Latin Professorship in Knox College, together with the pastorate of a church in Galesburg, Illinois. While the College deeply regrets his loss, it must be gratifying to receive the compliment paid by a college of such high standing as Knox in its determined efforts to induce Prof. Pratt to accept its offer. And it is as consoling to the College as well as creditable to Prof. Pratt, that Knox only triumphed by presenting a larger sphere of usefulness and a more difficult field of labor.

Testimonials of the regard in which the Professor was held, in the shape of an elegant clock of Egyptian marble, surmounted by a bronze statue of the eminent French jurist and statesman, Malesherbes, and a superb album of European scenes and wonders, were sent after him by express.

No one has as yet been appointed to take Prof. Pratt's chair, but Mr. J. B. Hotchkiss, who graduated from the College last June, has been appointed Tutor and, with his aid, the other members of the Faculty are filling Prof. Pratt's place as well as possible until a successor can be found.

The Christmas vacation has just come to an end and, from all accounts, every one has had a very pleasant time. One evening, about half-a-dozen of the students, styling themselves "THE BUMMER PANTOMIME TROUPE," set forth an Entertainment for the edification of the Institution and its friends, of which the following is the Programme :

1. The Jack of all Trades ; 2. Mishaps ; 3. The Model Waitah ; 4. The Examination for Admission ; 5. *Taking Drinks* ; 6. The course of True Lore.

This Programme was carried out with such eminent success, that the Troupe has received petitions from friends in the city to repeat it. I, for one, hope it will comply. The hearty laugh that all enjoyed that evening has done a deal of good to others beside myself.

It is very gratifying to note how the College is appreciated among the mutes of the country. Applications for admission are constantly coming in, and I understand that the next Freshman Class will be very large, compared with those that have preceded it. The only obstacle to the rapid increase of the number of students is the lack of accommodations, the main building of the College not yet being put up. It is hoped that it will soon be commenced, as arrangements are now being made to that end. The work on the Chapel building is progressing toward completion with satisfactory speed. A fine wood-cut of this portion of the Institution is included in the last report.

Faithfully,

CLYMER.

THE newspaper is the great educator and informer. Are you giving us your aid, and are you helping us to increase the circulation of our paper? Give us a lift, friends, and help yourselves, at the same time.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR EDITOR:—Our venerable Emiritus Principal, Harvey P. Peet LL. D., completed his seventy-fifth year on the 19th of November. A small dinner party of Dr. Peet's family connections and oldest friends, (the writer happening to be the oldest friend present,) met to gratulate the good doctor. Though with his left hand bound up from the effects of a recent fall from his carriage, Dr. Peet seemed otherwise in good health and spirits, and presided at his own table with his accustomed genial hospitality. His wife, his son and his daughter-in-law aided in doing the honors of the table with the dignity, grace, tact and ready wit with which all who know them are familiar. A bountiful repast and a season of social enjoyment made the occasion one to be long remembered as one of the green spots in our earthly pilgrimage.

Our Institution is full to overflowing. We have now, according to the best account I can make, 535 pupils, and more come every week, almost every day. Some room has been gained by the removal of the Principal and his family to the Mansion House. It is in contemplation to put up a separate building for the little children, and also, I believe, to raise the school-house another story. We have twenty class-rooms, but there are twenty-eight classes, and eight of them have to be taught in the boys' sitting-room, which, being partitioned off into compartments of convenient size, serves very well for that purpose temporarily.

A new impetus has been given to our articulation department by the employment of Mr. B. Engelsman, the founder of the articulating school in the city, and conceded to be one of the best, as he is one of the most enthusiastic teachers of articulation to deaf-mutes.

Mr. T. W. Berry, well-known to many of your readers, is teaching a class here temporarily, but his health is such that he will soon find it necessary to seek a milder climate.

At last the new Reservoir of the Croton water in our vicinity is nearly ready for use. To-day I see the workmen laying pipes for the supply of this part of the island. Henceforth we may expect an abundant supply of pure water without the necessity of pumping it up from the aqueduct by steam at our own expense. The new Reservoir is a massive structure of vast capacity, crowning the hill some two hundred feet above the High Bridge. The water is to be raised by the means of a steam pumping apparatus on a scale proportioned to its magnificent surroundings.

On Monday, Dec. 20th, 1869, Prof. Isaac L. Peet, principal of this Institution, called a meeting of the teachers in the chapel at the hour of recess, and told them that he had done so to lay before them the case of the "DEAF MUTES' FRIEND." That paper had been and would be very useful to the cause of deaf-mute instruction, and interesting as giving intelligence from the different institutions and from the graduates thereof, scattered abroad, and it

ought not to be suffered to die. Some were prejudiced against it on account of the course pursued by the *National Deaf Mute Gazette*, which had, in the latter part of its existence, assumed a position of antagonism to most of the American Institutions, but the editor of the FRIEND has always been friendly to us. He wished those present to subscribe such sums as they could afford, to enable the proprietors to pay off arrears and take a clear start, and would himself lead with a subscription of twenty dollars. There was a full and free discussion, during which Mr. Johnson explained why the FRIEND had got behindhand. The paper was passed around, and nearly all present subscribed, the whole amount being one hundred and eight dollars. This subscription took the form of a loan, but many of the subscribers will doubtless take payment in copies of the paper. If the other Institutions shall do as well in proportion, and we hope they will, the FRIEND will begin the year 1870 under very favorable auspices.

J. R. B.

KOURONETI, writing from the New York Institute under date of Dec. 20th, says:—

“Mr. Wm. B. Swett, one of the proprietors of the DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND, that young but interesting and much needed journal, arrived here on Friday, Dec. 17th, and on the next day gave a lecture before the ‘Fanwood Literary Association,’ on the White Mountains.

The whole Association was in attendance, for much had been heard of Mr. Swett's perilous adventures among the rocky and precipitous windings of the White Mountains; but no one was prepared for the effusions of wit that tinted every adventure, however perilous.

Mr. Swett made glowing allusions to the White Hills, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, and the wonderful works of Nature, particularly the ‘Old Man of the Mountain,’ which is a perfect profile of a human face, on the side of a cliff sixteen hundred feet in height, around and over which he described his climbings in process of constructing a model of the same, a copy of which he had with him and which he afterwards presented to the Association. His lecture was replete with incident, accident, adventure and wit, and was highly relished by all present. He was loudly applauded, and many a mute will look forward with eagerness to the time when he will come to lecture again.

A contribution was taken up in aid of the FRIEND, amounting to over one hundred dollars, which was handed to Mr. Swett with numerous injunctions to the proprietors to keep up a brave heart and assurances that in time the magazine would be a success and be appreciated and supported accordingly.

We will send over *one hundred* subscriptions from here, and may all other Institutions go and do likewise.—Maintain, with *gold* and *pen*, your only journal, your only source of information of the prosperity of your class, and your only true printed edifice, which, if supported in its foundations, will never fall.

The publishers and editor are bending all their energies to the work of establishing the FRIEND. Mr. Swett has it in contemplation to visit every Institution of note and size, in aid of the journal, and his lectures will be well worth *hearing* by all with whom he may come in contact.

A FRIEND sends us, from the Indiana Institution, the sermon delivered on Thanksgiving Day, before the pupils, of which we give the substance :—

“This time honored and cherished custom originated with the Pilgrim Fathers who came to this country to find an Asylum in which they might worship the Supreme Being according to the dictates of their consciences. A severe winter was visiting the country when they arrived, and they endured many hardships, from the effects of which more than half their number died. Nevertheless, in all their trials and sufferings they felt the care and presence of the Great Father, and on each anniversary of their landing in America they assembled together to give thanks to Him for his goodness to them during the preceding year.

“If the Pilgrim Fathers had cause to be thankful in their miserable condition, how much more have we as we assemble here, blessed with health and happiness! Very few are there among us who have not comfortable homes and loving friends to see that every want is supplied. Is it a misuse of time to devote one day every year to thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all good? Examine the Scriptures for yourselves and you will find that He required it of his peculiarly beloved people, the Jews, who endured fully as much hardship as the Pilgrim Fathers, while wandering in the wilderness. Notwithstanding their trials they assembled at regular intervals and gave thanks for their deliverance from the bondage and oppression of Egypt.

“We are not *compelled* to give thanks to the Almighty Father, yet to every just mind and grateful heart there are many plain, strong reasons why we should do so. Look away back into the past and consider the numerous mercies He has bestowed upon us.

“Prior to 1817 the deaf-mutes of this country were left to themselves, and grew up in ignorance, shut out from all the privileges and responsibilities which come with the light of knowledge. They spent their lives in darkness and passed away unknowing and unknown. But light now shines in upon our dark pathway. Let us unite and rejoice and give thanks to the Loving Father who raised up a Moses in the person of Dr. Gallaudet, to bring us out of the depths of darkness; set our feet upon the Rock of Ages; directed our steps in the pathway of light; and filled our hearts with gladness.

“Oh! how thankful we ought to be that our lot is so different from that of the deaf-mutes who lived and died unblest by the light we have and ignorant of the Saviour. It was our Heavenly Father who put it into the hearts of good men and gave them wisdom to devise means for our instruction. He

has given us a government under which we enjoy liberty, happiness, and comfort. He has caused the Earth to yield a great abundance of every good thing during the past year, and our land has been free from pestilence. We have had no death among us the past year.

"This Institution has been liberally supported for twenty-six years by a benevolent Legislature. We have had faithful teachers, ably fitted to lead us in the right way. Though only the seventh in the order of age, it stands among the first of our benevolent Institutions. It has able and faithful officers who manage its affairs and watch over our interests with tireless zeal. Our school has not been seriously interrupted during the twenty-six years it has been in operation and not less than a thousand deaf-mutes have enjoyed its benefits and are living or have died happier through the blessed influence of the education they received under its roof. Providence has blessed us with everything necessary for our happiness and comfort. Therefore, let us praise and give thanks to Him and bless His name for His especial goodness to us as a class, and ask Him, with trusting hearts, to continue His favors. Let us remember, with gratitude, God's manifold mercies, and forget Him not in the hour of pleasure and social intercourse, and in all things give thanks."

A SCENE IN BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you the promised article, which, I hope, will be acceptable to your readers:

While walking down Broadway, on a sultry afternoon, about the middle of September last, I noticed several pedestrians standing in front of me and looking earnestly at some object behind me. Turning my eyes in the direction of their gaze, I saw two respectable-looking gentlemen standing at a corner, engaged in conversation. One of them looked like an intelligent and well-bred Irishman and the other wore a common silk hat which seemed to have been exposed considerably to a broiling sun and to the dust of railroads during the preceding season. He also wore a very dusty black frock coat, with a long piece of black crape dangling from the left elbow, and a pair of pantaloons of the same color and condition. He had a little boy, no doubt his own son, with him.

Certainly, these gentlemen had nothing about them that would arrest notice; nor wore their faces and bearing uncommon or noble. Neither looked in the least like a statesman of note or a military man of renown. But when I regarded them, especially the gentleman of the dusty hat, I recognized him, having previously seen his photograph likenesses. I cannot describe, here, the emotions with which I participated in the popular gaze, but I shall say, without shame, that I actually followed the dusty gentleman, who had just taken leave of his apparently Irish friend, for several blocks in the thorough-

fare, scanning his features, measuring his height by the scale of my own stature, and studying his gait, which reminded me strongly of that of the late Laurent Clerc. Once, as he happened to turn his cold, gray eyes to me, I could not resist the impulse to raise my hat deferentially to him, and I had the satisfaction of finding my salute duly appreciated by a dignified nod of his head. And I then managed to draw back to a proper distance from him, with a view to indulging my artistic propensity to study the different expressions of countless passers-by, who were much surprised at the sight of him in their midst.

He sauntered leisurely on, with his hands behind his back, apparently taking no notice of the eyes extended to their utmost width and rivetted on him. Three bare-footed boot-blacks followed him quite closely, much to the displeasure of the boy who accompanied him.

Such was the commotion among all who recognized him, that even persons of wealth, drawn therein and forgetting the rules of etiquette, stared him in the face. Indeed, I observed an elderly lady, whose appearance and bearing bespoke her high station in society and her love of refinement, turning abruptly back to re-pass him and pause a few feet ahead of him, ostensibly to look at a store-window, but in reality to steal a glimpse of his inexpressive face.

And the man—Who was he? A man who wore a dusty hat and a still more dusty frock-coat, and who threaded his way slowly, with his hands behind his back, through the vast current of pedestrians. But why did he make Jumping Jacks of many of his observers, performing antics about him—make the boot-blacks and myself follow him like pick-pockets along at least a third of a mile of Broadway? Simply because he was Ulysses S. Grant, the eighteenth President of the United States—one of the five first-class nations on Earth.

My readers, I have seen Queen Victoria dashing in her chocolate-tinted phaeton, with two pairs of choice horses, ridden by two young postillions, through the maze of aristocratic carriages in Hyde Park—I have seen Louis Phillippe's bullet-proof coach rolling up Rue Rivoli, with the old king inside, invisible to vulgar eyes. Those monarchial sovereigns didn't think it genteel to walk alone among their subjects, but our own republican sovereign thinks differently and accordingly walks alone among his fellow-citizens.

President Grant is believed to be the most popular man in the world. To what does he owe his remarkable popularity? Mainly to his Deafness and Dumbness. His deafness implies that he is always deaf to the clamors of office seekers and to the noisy croakings of his defamers; and his dumbness, that he does not speak, but does what is deemed conducive to the good of his country and his fellow citizens.

The dustiness of his apparel was owing to the fact that he had just arrived from Washington City, where he attended the funeral of his Secretary of War, Gen. Rawlings.

The most interesting part of the scene was: —At one corner sat a noble-

looking, one-legged soldier on a low stool, grinding a hand-organ. He was clad in his old military dress. When General Grant, crossing the street, saw him, the brave soldier presented his hand in soldier style before his forehead, and the illustrious General returned the salute with an officer-like touch of his hat-brim with his fore and mid fingers, and smiled affectionately while he gave, through his little boy, some money to the leg-less organ-grinder, who, receiving the welcome crumbs of charity, bowed so lowly as to affect me and probably the cold, gray-eyed hero of many battles himself. Indeed, this poor, obscure soldier was one of the braves who, by their patriotism and heroism, even at the cost of their limbs, raised their commander-in-chief to his present elevated position,—yet he was obliged to solicit charity—yes, cold charity in the streets. A cold world this, indeed.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

New York, Dec. 30, 1869.

C. L. W. writes from the Minnesota Institution:—

"Thanksgiving was our first holiday the present term. Services were held in the Chapel. After prayer, the nature of the occasion and its origin were explained to the pupils and the Governor's proclamation was translated to them. A sermon followed from the text: "Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High." *Psalm iv: 14.* The Superintendent then referred to the educational and other privileges which those present enjoyed, and showed them that they had much to be thankful for, closing his remarks with prayer. The blind, for whom the Institution is designed, as well as for the deaf and dumb, were present and were kept informed of all that was said to their deaf brethren and sisters.

A bountiful dinner followed the exercises, which was amply discussed and fully appreciated. In the evening, the Chapel was cleared and lighted, and the boys and girls spent several hours in social intercourse and amusements, in which the blind pupils took part, thereby creating much merriment. Refreshments were served during the evening, and all separated at a late hour well satisfied and pleased."

BURNS AND SCALDS.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* offer his remedies for these accidents; "The most efficacious remedy I ever tried was to apply common starch just moistened with cold water, and spread on a cloth to effectually cover the wounded part. A little girl who was badly scalded was instantly freed from pain by the above remedy. Keep the starch moistened, and in a few hours the inflammation will be gone, leaving the scalded part perfectly white. After the inflammation is out, apply a linen cloth dipped in sweet oil. It is a speedy cure.

DEACON B——, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family. One Monday morning, the old gentleman and his wife were alone, and, as was his custom, after breakfast a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the Deacon's prayer was short, and seizing his hat and milk-pail, he started for the barn. His wife, being deaf, did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking, he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately rose and went about her work as if nothing had happened.

AN improvement of great value has been made at the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, Faribault, Minnesota, in the introduction of water by means of an aqueduct. Land was purchased, upon which there is a splendid and unfauling spring of pure, soft water. The distance to the spring is about one hundred and twenty-five rods, and the elevation is sufficient to raise the water to the third story of the building. The spring is sufficiently large to supply all the probable demands of the Institution in the future.

Another valuable improvement has been completed, in the shape of a cooper's shop, wherein the pupils can acquire a knowledge of that trade

A MAN who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns.

Marriages.

In Aurora, Ill., Nov. 9th, Mr. CHARLES W. CLEMENTS, of Bloomington, Ill. to Miss ADDIE TREMAN, of Aurora. (Both graduates of the Ill. Institution.)

In ———, Mr. PETER L. GREENING, a semi-mute, of Nokomis, Ill., to Miss MATILDA A. RUSSELL, of Wenona, Ill. (Both graduates of the Ill. Institution.)

In New York City, at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Sept. 9th, by Rev. T. Gallaudet, Mr. JOHN WITSCHIEF, to Miss JUSTINA ARNOLD. (Both of New York City and graduates of the Institution there. See notice on another page.)

Deaths.

In Tolland, Conn., Oct. 29th, SALLY STRONG. (A graduate of the American Asylum.)

Suddenly, Dec. 15th, at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mr. JOSEPH COITEUX, assistant Steward of the Institution for three years past, aged 36. Mr. C. was a native of Canada. He was a student in an Eastern Theological Seminary, but was obliged to leave before graduating on account of the disease of the heart which finally proved fatal. He was faithful and diligent in his office. It appeared, from a note found among his papers, that he had long had a presentiment that he might be taken away suddenly at any time.